

## THE NEW PLAYS

### "Peggy Machree"

Puts a Jig  
In Your Stocking.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

NO ordinary blizzard can drive the shamrock to cover. In the Broadway Theatre last night people were as thick as the snowflakes outside. An audience with a touch of green in its heart took "Peggy Machree" by the hand, hailed the old Irish songs and welcomed the new, and laughed at the wit with the joy of those who had come into their own again.

There is nothing distinctly new about this "Peggy" play so far as the plot is concerned, yet it seems as fresh as the top of the morning. Let Lady Margaret O'Driscoll pretend to be a collier and call herself Peggy, but let her beware of a mock marriage, when a real priest takes a hand in the sport. All's fair in love and Downsville. Trust Harry Trevor to know that! There's more than one way of getting a pretty girl into a wedding ring. But had luck to you, Barry, this Peggy will have none of you. A honey-moon is it? Then take it by yourself! And so he puts his heart under a red coat—may heaven forgive him!—and marches off with the army.

What's that the orchestra is playing to make five years slip by while the curtain's down? Anyway it brings Barry back. And does Peggy recognize him in the fiddling vagabond with a limp in his leg? Never a bit! Her two eyes are not as bright as they look. "What would the likes of him be doing as her husband? He'd be waiting round the castle, so he would, stringing his fiddle and like as not 'stringing' my lady at the first chance. What's Peggy to him? Little does he guess who the fine lady is until she puts on the frock that was her wedding dress without her knowing it at all, at all. And all the time he's been wooing her and wishing he may never set eyes on Peggy again. Now will you believe that even an Irish Santa Claus might envy.

Mr. O'Mara hasn't the charm that was Scanlon's, the legs that are O'Connell's, nor the heart that is Mack's, but he strives to please and seems to succeed. He would be more pleasing, however, if he learned the art of "make-up." His face looks as though it were vanished. Mr. John D. O'Hara, as the killed McDougal, is a Scotman worth seeing, and his song, "Scotland, Ye Ken," brings out the best that's in him. "There's a very silly rumor," so he sings, "that we never laugh at humor—but we never laugh at fools in Bonnie Scotland." The "maids" who join with him in bringing out the tenuous truth of the matter seem absolutely unspoiled, and add greatly to the fresh charm of the performance. They are never noisy. They do not shriek at you. Their singing is as good as their dancing, and this is saying a great deal, for "Peggy Machree" puts a jig in your stocking that even an Irish Santa Claus might envy.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, as a piper who doesn't pipe, and Miss Jennie Lamont, as a widow with a mind of her own, act with a true sense of Irish character. The piper is in superstitious fear of a black cat that runs off with one scene like a true artist. It scoots through its part without stopping in the centre of the stage. It's a very remarkable stage cat.

## Opportunity

A New Comic  
For the New Year.

By George Hopf



## Players of the Period

No. 19—Margaret Illington  
By Johnson Briscoe



MARGARET ILLINGTON, whose recently announced retirement from the stage has caused any amount of surprise and comment, was born in Bloomington, Ill., March 22, 1881, her real name being Maud Light. After graduating from the Illinois Wesleyan University, she studied for the stage under Hart Conway in Chicago, being the winner of the Joseph Jefferson Diamond Medal for Shakespearean work. She came to New York in the summer of 1900 and was at once engaged by Daniel Frohman as a member of James K. Hackett's company, making her first appearance behind the footlights Sept. 3, 1900, at the Criterion Theatre, as Michael in "The Prince of Jeannet." She also acted as understudy to Bertha Gailand in this play and upon one or two occasions assumed that actress's part; but she was never Mr. Hackett's leading woman, as several of the public prints have stated. In the season of 1901-2 Miss Illington appeared at Daly's with the Lyceum company, being Victorine in "Procks and Pills" and Fleur-de-Lys in "Notre Dame." The summer of 1902 she appeared as leading woman in the company in Richmond, Va., with which she played, among other parts, Kate Kenyon in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Agnes Rodman in "Men and Women," Elinor Burnham in "A Social Highwayman," Glory Quail in "The Christian" and Drusilla Ives in "The Dandling Girl."

Miss Illington then spent a season in the support of E. H. Sothern, playing both Katherine de Vaucelles and Huguette du Hamel in "If I Were King." In November, 1903, she was Yuki in "A Japanese Nightingale" at Daly's, and following March she was Henriette in the star cast of "The Two Orphans" at the New Amsterdam Theatre. A delightful actress in comedy roles, she did most praiseworthy work upon the New York stage during the season of 1904-5, appearing at the Criterion Theatre Dec. 19, 1904, as Mrs. Rippingill in "The Wife Without a Smile," and at the Savoy Jan. 11, 1905, she was Mrs. Lettingwell in "Mrs. Lettingwell's Boots." She began the following season as Mrs. Lettingwell, in addition playing Edith in the one-act play "Maker of Men," and early in 1906 she appeared as Shirley Rosemore in "The Lion and the Mouse" in the company which played this piece in the leading Western cities. She made her debut before the London public in this same part at the Duke of York's Theatre May 22, 1906, but the play only lasted a fortnight in England's capital. During the season of 1906-7 she was leading woman with John Drew, being Nina Jenson in "His House in Order."

The next season Miss Illington came into stellar eminence, along with Kyrie Bellamy, and she was seen at the Lyceum Theatre for eight consecutive months as Marie Louise Vossin in "The Thief," the most exacting role that ever fell to her lot. After a trifle over a month's vacation she started out in "The Thief" early in the last summer, visiting the far Western cities, and this fall she was invading the Eastern territory. She made what has since been announced as her final appearance on the stage at a matinee performance of "The Thief," even being unable to continue beyond the second act, at the Holis Street Theatre, Boston, on Oct. 14 last. Miss Illington, who became the wife of the well-known theatrical manager Daniel Frohman, late in November, 1906, is now living on a ranch in California, and she has announced positively that she will never again be seen behind the footlights, but we shall see what she shall see, for 'tis a brave woman who at seven and twenty is willing to abandon a career that has been crowned with such success as Miss Illington has known. However, to Margaret Illington, actress, I say farewell!

## A New Twelfth Century MS.

THE state archivist at Frauenfeld, in the canton of Thurgovie, has discovered a valuable manuscript, which had been used as a cover for other documents. It is a portion of a "Book of Hours" written in the twelfth century.

## A Christmas Dinner

### For Four For \$5---

### It's Easy to Cook

Menu for Christmas.  
Oysters au Naturel.  
Clear Soup a la Carolina.  
Chestnut Patties.  
Turkey with Chestnut Dressing.  
Cranberry Jelly.  
Mashed Potatoes.  
Peas in Turnip Cups.  
Tomato and Nut Salad.  
Plum Pudding.  
Assorted Cakes.  
Coffee.

chop them. Mix the butter and the flour in a saucepan over the fire, add the stock, and stir till it boils for three minutes, add the cream, the sweetbread and mushrooms, season to taste and turn out to get cold. Now fill the pans with the mixture; wet the edges; put on the lids; brush over with a little beaten egg and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve hot.

## Roast Turkey.

GIVE the recipe for chestnut stuffing, but those who prefer may use sausage meat or veal stuffing.

One pound of chestnuts, one pound of Spanish onions, quarter of a pound of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls butter or dripping, two pork sausages, grated rind of one lemon, one egg, salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste.

Boil the onions until tender, and chop them very fine. Boil the chestnuts ten minutes, take off the outer husks and then boil them until soft.

Next rub them through a sieve. Mix with them the onions, crumbs and sausage meat, having taken it out of the skins.

Melt and stir in the butter, season carefully with the lemon rind, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, and bind all well together with the egg well beaten, adding a little milk or a second egg if necessary.

Singe, draw and truss the turkey. Insert the stuffing through the neck, hold the flap of skin over and securing it in place with a fine skewer. Tie a piece of fat bacon over the bird and bake it in a hot oven; baste it often.

About twenty minutes before the bird is cooked remove the bacon for the breast to brown nicely.

A high weighing from eight to ten pounds will take two hours to roast. Arrange the bird on a hot dish and garnish it with fried sausages and thin rolls of bacon. Hand with it a good gravy.

## Clear Soup a la Carolina.

ONE quart of clear soup, two heaping tablespoonfuls of rice, two large carrots, salt and pepper. Wash the rice thoroughly, then put it in a pan of fast boiling salted water, boil till it is tender.

Wash and scrape the carrots; then with a small, round vegetable cutter scoop out half of the red part of the carrot. You will require a teaspoonful of these balls. Cook them till tender in boiling, salted water, then drain well.

Put the soup into clean saucepan; bring it gently to boiling point, season it carefully, then add the rice and the little balls of carrot.

Put the pan over the fire for a few minutes till soup and garnish are thoroughly hot; then pour it into a hot soup tureen.

## Sweetbread Patties.

HALF-POUND of puff pastry, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, two sweetbreads, one tablespoonful of flour, nine mushrooms, half cup of stock, one teaspoonful lemon juice, one tablespoonful cream, salt and pepper.

Roll and paste out to eighth of an inch in thickness. Have twelve small sized gem pans buttered a little; cut the paste out to fit the pans and put a piece in the bottom of each.

Cut out twelve additional pieces, and with a small cutter cut a round, of an inch in diameter, from the centre of them.

Now have the sweetbreads soaked, blanched, trimmed and boiled in water for three-quarters of an hour, then cut up in small pieces.

Wash the mushrooms and put them in a saucepan with the half tablespoonful of butter, the lemon juice and a little salt and pepper.

Cook for twenty minutes slowly; then

## Are You Coming Home for Christmas?

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf.

RE you coming home for Christmas?

A Ye wanderers who roam, To help make glad and merry The faithful hearts at home?

The parent hearts that love you, Near asking a return, As your Maker does above you, Though the world applaud or spurn.

One day from out the many Of the years that go so fast! Are you coming home for Christmas? Perhaps 'twill be their last.

## A Romance of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

## THE BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance,  
Author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Private War," Etc.

(Copyright, 1908, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS. Philip Kirkwood, a young man, is in London. He is in the company of a man named Calendar, who is a detective. Calendar is looking for a man named Stryker, who is a thief. Calendar is telling Kirkwood about Stryker and how he is a thief. Kirkwood is listening to Calendar and is interested in what he is saying.

## CHAPTER XII.

(Continued.)

## Despair.

THE captain swept the articles into one capacious flat, pivoted on one heel at the peril of his neck, and lumbered unsteadily off to his room. Pausing at the door he turned back in inquiry.

"You did you come to get the impression there was a party named Almanack aboard this vessel?"

"Calendar."

"Ave it yer own way," Stryker condescended gracefully.

"There isn't, is there?"

"You heard me."

"Then," said Kirkwood sweetly, "I'm sure you wouldn't be interested."

The captain pondered this at leisure. "You seemed pretty keen about seeing 'em," he remarked conclusively.

"I was."

"I thought to me I did hear the name 'Almanack' afore." The captain appeared

to wrestle with an obdurate memory. "Ow!" he triumphed. "I know. 'E was a chap up Manchester way. Keeper in a lunatic asylum, 'e was. 'That yer party?"

"No," said Kirkwood wearily. "I didn't know him. Excuse me. 'Thought as 'ow maybe you'd escaped from 'is tender care, but, findin' the world cold, chingyed yer mind and wanted to grow back."

Without waiting for a reply he lurched into his room and banged the door. Kirkwood, divided between amusement and irritation, heard him stumbling about for some time, and then a hush fell, grateful enough while it lasted, which was not long. For no sooner did the captain sleep than a penetrating snore added itself into the cacophony of waves and wind and tortured ship.

Kirkwood, comforted at first by the blessed tobacco, lapsed insensibly into dreary meditations. Coming after the swift movement and sustained excitement of the eighteen hours preceding his long sleep, the monotony of shipboard confinement seemed irksome to a maddening degree. There was absolutely nothing he could discover to occupy his mind. If there were books aboard none was in evidence; beyond the report of Mr. Strangers's Manhattan night's entertainment the walls were devoid of reading matter, and a round of the picture gallery proved a diversion weariful enough when not purely revolting.

Wherefore Mr. Kirkwood stretched himself out on the transom and smoked and reviewed his adventures in detail and seriatim, and was by turns indignant, scorn, anxious on his own account as well as on Dorothy's, and out of all

patience with himself. Mystified he remained throughout, and the edge of his curiosity held as keen as ever, yet he was loath to let a secret from an inquisitive fourth—indeed, they lay in hiding in the hold; for which, once the ship got under way, there could be no doubt. And Kirkwood did not believe himself a person of sufficient importance in Calendar's eyes to make that worthy endure the discomforts of a "twendecks imprisonment" throughout the voyage, even to escape recognition.

With every second, then, he was travelling further from her to whose aid he had rushed, impelled by motives so hot-headed, so unately chivalric, so unthinkingly gallant, so exceptionally idiotic!

Idiot! Kirkwood groaned with despair of his inability to fathom the abyss of his self-contempt. There seemed to be positively no excuse for him. Stryker had befriended him indeed, had he permitted him to drown. Yet he had acted for the best, as he saw it. The fault lay in himself, an admirable fault, that of harboring and nurturing generous and compassionate instincts. But, of course, Kirkwood couldn't see it that way.

"What else could I do?" he defended himself against the indictment of common sense. "I couldn't leave her to the mercies of that set of rogues!"

"And Heaven knows I was given every reason to believe she would be about this ship! Why, she herself told me that she was sailing!"

Heaven knew, too. But this folly of his had cost him a pretty penny, first and foremost. His watch had been lost, his homebound passage for, indeed, he no longer harbored illusions

seemed unquestionable. The brigantine was hardly large enough for the presence of three persons aboard her to be long kept a secret from an inquisitive fourth—indeed, they lay in hiding in the hold; for which, once the ship got under way, there could be no doubt. And Kirkwood did not believe himself a person of sufficient importance in Calendar's eyes to make that worthy endure the discomforts of a "twendecks imprisonment" throughout the voyage, even to escape recognition.

With every second, then, he was travelling further from her to whose aid he had rushed, impelled by motives so hot-headed, so unately chivalric, so unthinkingly gallant, so exceptionally idiotic!

Idiot! Kirkwood groaned with despair of his inability to fathom the abyss of his self-contempt. There seemed to be positively no excuse for him. Stryker had befriended him indeed, had he permitted him to drown. Yet he had acted for the best, as he saw it. The fault lay in himself, an admirable fault, that of harboring and nurturing generous and compassionate instincts. But, of course, Kirkwood couldn't see it that way.

"What else could I do?" he defended himself against the indictment of common sense. "I couldn't leave her to the mercies of that set of rogues!"

"And Heaven knows I was given every reason to believe she would be about this ship! Why, she herself told me that she was sailing!"

Heaven knew, too. But this folly of his had cost him a pretty penny, first and foremost. His watch had been lost, his homebound passage for, indeed, he no longer harbored illusions

as to the steamship company presenting him with another berth in lieu of that called for by that water-soaked slip of paper then in his pocket—courtesy of Stryker. He had sold for a pittance, a tithe of its value, his personal jewelry, and had spent every penny he could call his own. With the money Stryker was to give him he would be able to get back to London and his third-rate hotel, but not with enough over to pay that one week's rent, or . . .

"Oh, the devil!" he groaned, head in hands.

The future loomed wrapped in unbreakable darkness, lightened by no least ray of hope. It had been had enough to lose a comfortable living through a gigantic convulsion of Nature; but to think that he had lost all else through his own egregious folly, to find himself reduced to the kennels—

"So Care found him again in those dark hours—came and sat by his side, slipping a grisly hand in his and tightening his grip until he could have cried out with the torment of it; the while whispering insidiously subtle, evil things in his ear. And he had not even time to comfort him at any previous stage he had been able to do all a sort of bitter-sweet satisfaction from the thought that he was suffering for the love of his life. But now—now Dorothy was lost, gone like the glimmer of Romance in the searching light of day."

Stryker, emerging from his room for breakfast, found the passenger with a look in his eye and a jaw set in ugly fashion. His eyes, too, were the lightning-bolts of wondering desire, and the captain, recognizing them, considerably forbore to stir them up with any untimely pleasantry. To be sure, he was not in his own ship and ship, and Stryker's standing aboard was still

but then were was just enough yellow in the complexion of Stryker's soul to incline him to sidestep trouble whenever feasible. And besides, he entertained dark suspicions of his guest's suspiciously scarce, dared voice even to his inmost heart.

The morning meal, therefore, passed off in constrained silence. The captain ate voraciously and vociferously, pushed back his chair and went on deck to relieve the mate. The latter, a stunted little Cockney with a wizened countenance and a mind as foul as his tongue, got small change of his attempts to engage the passenger in conversation on topics that he considered fit for discussion. After the sixth or eighth snubbing he rose in dudgeon, discharged a poisonous bit of insolence and retired to his berth, leaving Kirkwood to finish his breakfast in peace, which the latter did literally to the last visible scrap of food and the ultimate drop of coffee, poor as both were in quality.

To the tune of a moderating wind, the morning wearied away. Kirkwood went on deck once for distraction from the intolerable monotony of it all, got a sound drenching of spray, with a glimpse of a dark line on the eastern horizon, which he understood to be the low littoral of Holland, and was glad to dodge below once more and dry himself.

He had the pleasure of the mate's company at dinner, the captain remaining on deck until Hobbs had finished and gone up to relieve him, and by that time Kirkwood likewise was through.

Stryker blew down with a bluster, as one of the crew, well on his way to his berth, and he found Kirkwood's stony stare by at least five minutes' delay in his trip.

About as much as you expect, snapped Kirkwood.

(To Be Continued.)

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Semi-Princesses Gown in Empire Style—Pattern No. 6191.

wide for the yoke and long sleeves when these are used. Pattern No. 6191 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.